

The SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established
Aug. 4, 1821.

HENRY PETERSON & Co., Publishers,
No. 512 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871.

Price 25.00 A Year, in Advance.
Single Number 5 Cents.

Whole Number
Issued, 2000.

SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GIBRIEL.
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Oh! where do you fly so fast, sweet bird?
"To southern climes I fly;
For Spring has begun, and clear shines the sun—
And the brooks go dancing by."
Then hasten, oh! hasten your flight, dear bird—
And on me a favor confer:
To my lady-love say, that I think all the day
And dream all the night, of her.
And ne'er shall my heart from her loyalty part,
While its pulses with life-blood stir.
And greet every rose, round her dwelling that grows,
Sweet birdie! when o'er it you fly;
Would I were a flower, to bloom in her bower,
Or on her fair bosom to die.

STRONGHAND; A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.
AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN
OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI. THE RETURN.

How was it that the tigero, whom we saw leave the rancho almost as soon as Dona Marianna, and follow in her track, arrive so late? We will explain this in a few sentences. The young man, feeling certain that his foster-sister thoroughly knew the road she had to follow, which was, moreover, properly traced, had not dreamed of the chance of her missing her way, and not troubling himself to follow the horse's foot-marks, he pushed straight on, fancying Dona Marianna ahead of him, crossed the forest, and then entered the plain, without perceiving the person he fancied he was following.

Still, on reaching the cultivated land, he looked carefully ahead of him, for he was surprised at the advance the young lady had gained on him in so short a time. But, though he examined the horizon all around, he saw nothing of her. Marianna was beginning to grow anxious; still, as there was a chaparral some distance ahead, whose tufted trees might conceal her whom he sought, he became reassured, and pushed onward, increasing the already rapid pace of his steed. It took him some time to pass through the chaparral; when he reached its skirt, and again entered the plain, the sun had set about half-an-hour previously, and darkness was invading the earth; the darkness was, indeed, so thick, that in spite of all his exertions, he could distinguish nothing a few paces ahead of him.

The tigero halted, dismounted, placed his ear on the ground, and listened. A moment later he heard, or fancied he heard, a distant sound resembling a horse's gallop; his alarm was at once dispelled. Convinced that the young lady was in front of him, he mounted again and pushed on. As he was only two leagues from the Hacienda del Toro, he soon reached the foot of the rock. Here he stopped, and asked himself whether he had better go up, or regard his mission as fulfilled, and turn back. While unable to form any decision, he saw a black outline gliding along the path, and soon distinguished a horseman coming toward him.

"Good-evening, caballero," he said, when the latter crossed him.

"A happy journey to you," the other politely replied, and he passed on—but suddenly turned round again. The tigero rode to meet him.

"Ah! the horseman said, when they met, 'I felt sure that I was not mistaken. How is Marianna?'

"Very well, and at your service," the tigero answered, recognizing the majordomo; "and you, Paredes?"

"The same, thank you; are you going up to the rancho, or returning to the rancho?"

"Why that question?"

"Because in the former case I would bid you good-night—while in the latter, we would ride together."

"Are you going to the rancho?"

"Yes; the Senor Marquis has sent me."

"Tell me, Paredes, would there be any indiscretion on my part in asking you what you are going to do at the rancho as late as an hour?"

"Not the slightest, compadre. I am simply going to fetch Dona Marianna, who has remained to-day later than usual with her nurse. Her father is anxious about her long absence, and asked me to go and meet her if she were on her road home, or if not, push on to the rancho."

This revelation was a thunder-clap for the young man, who fancied that he had misunderstood.

"What!" he exclaimed, anxiously, "is not Dona Marianna at the hacienda?"

"It seems not," the majordomo answered, "since I am going to fetch her."

"Why, then, is it impossible?" the other continued, in extreme agitation.



IN THE FOREST.

"Why so?" said Paredes, beginning to grow anxious in his turn. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Dona Marianna left the rancho full three hours ago; that I followed her without her knowledge to watch over her safety—and that she must have been at the hacienda for more than half an hour."

"Are you quite sure of what you assert?"

"Caral! I have asserted it."

"In that case, Heaven have pity on the poor girl! for I apprehend a frightful misfortune."

"But she may have entered the hacienda without your seeing her."

"Nonsense, compadre; that is impossible. But come, we'll convince ourselves."

Without losing time in longer argument, the two men dashed up the rock at a gallop, and in a few minutes reached the first gate of the hacienda. No one had seen Dona Marianna. The alarm was instantly given; Don Hernandez wished to ride off at the head of his people, and beat up the country in search of his daughter; and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to abandon the project. Don Ruiz and the majordomo, followed by some twenty peons, provided with coote-wood torches, started in two different directions.

Marianna had an idea of his own. When he was quite certain that his foster-sister had not returned, he presumed the truth—that she was lost in the forest. He did not consider for a moment that she had been carried off by Indian marauders, for he had not noticed any trace of a party of horsemen; and Bigote, whose nose was infallible, had evinced no anxiety during the ride. Hence Dona Marianna must be lost in the forest. The tigero let Don Ruiz, the majordomo, and the peons pass him, and then bent his steps towards the rancho, closely followed by his dog, in spite of the exhortations of his young master and Paredes, who wanted him to accompany them. When he was in the forest he stopped for a moment, as if to look round him; then, after most carefully examining the spot where he was, he dismounted, fastened his horse's bridle to the post, and tied the stirrups together to keep them from clanking, and gave his horse a friendly smack on the crupper.

"Go along, Morano," he said to it; "return to the rancho. I shall not want you again to-night."

The horse turned its fine intelligent head to its master, gave a neigh of pleasure, and started at a gallop in the direction of the rancho. The tigero carefully examined his gun, the priming of which he renewed, and began inspecting the ground by the light of a torch. Bigote, gravely seated on its hind legs, followed its master's every movement, and was evidently much perplexed. After a very lengthened search, the tigero probably found what he was looking for, for he rose with an air of satisfaction, and whistled his dog, which at once ran up.

"Bigote," he said, "smell these marks; they were made by the horse of your mistress, Marianna; do you recognize them?"

The noble animal did as his master ordered, then fixed its sparkling eyes upon him with an almost human expression, and wagged its tail with delight.

"Good, Bigote! good, my famous dog!" the tigero continued, as he patted it; "and now let us follow the trail; forward, Bigote, pick it up clean."

The dog hesitated for a moment, then it set out with its nose to the ground, closely followed by its master, who had extinguished his torch, which would have been a useless loss. But as we have narrated occupied considerable time; and the tigero would

have arrived too late to save the maiden, had not heaven sent the hunter across her path. The dog did not once check its speed through the numberless windings of the course Nogue had followed; and master and dog together reached the spot where the horrible drama we recently described occurred.

"When I heard Stronghand's shot," the tigero added, as he concluded his narrative, "I experienced a kind of deadly agony, for I understood that a frightful struggle was going on at the moment, and that the beast might conquer the man. Well, my sister, will you now believe in the jaguars?"

"Oh, silence, Marianna!" the young lady said, with a shudder; "I almost went mad with terror when I saw the eyes of the horrible animals fixed upon me. 'Oh! had it not been for this brave and honest hunter, I should have been lost.'"

"Brave and honest, indeed!" the tigero said, with frank affection; "you are right, senorita, for Stronghand might just as fairly be called Goodheart, for he is ever so ready to assist a stranger, and relieve the unfortunate."

Dona Marianna listened with lively pleasure to this praise of the man who had saved her life; but Stronghand felt terribly embarrassed, and suffered in his heart at a deed which he thought so simple, and which he was so delighted to have done, being rated so highly.

"Come, come, Marianna," he said, in order to cut short the young man's compliments, "we cannot remain here any longer; remember that while we are quietly resting by the fire and talking nonsense, this young lady's father and brother are suffering from deadly anxiety, and scouring the plain without any hope of finding her. We must arrange now to get away from here as soon as possible, and return to the hacienda."

"Caral, master, you are right, as usual; but what is to be done? Both you and I are on foot, and we cannot dream for a moment that the senorita could walk such a distance."

"Oh, I am strong," she said with a smile; "under your escort, my friends, I fear nothing, and can walk."

"No, senorita," the hunter said, with an accent of gentle authority, "your strength would betray your courage; on so dark a night, and in a forest like this, a man accustomed to desert life could hardly expect to walk without falling at every step. Put yourself in our hands, for we know better than you do what is best to be done under the circumstances."

"Very good," she answered; "act as you think proper. I have suffered enough already to-day, by refusing to listen to the advice of Marianna, to prevent me being obstinate now."

"That is the way to talk," the tigero said gayly. "What are we going to do, Stronghand?"

"While you skin the jaguars—for I suppose you do not wish to leave them as they are."

"What!" the tigero interrupted him, "those skins belong to you, and I have no claim to them, as you killed the beasts."

"Pooh!" the hunter said with a laugh, "I am not a tigero, except by accident; the skins are yours, and fairly so; so you had better take them."

"Since that is the case I will not decline; but as for my part, I promised to give my foster-sister two skins to make a rug, I will beg her to accept them."

"Very good," she answered, giving the hunter a look which filled him with joy; "they will remind me of the fearful danger I incurred, and the way in which I escaped it."

"That is settled, then," the hunter said; "and I will cut down with my machete some branches to form a litter."

"Caral, that is an idea which would not have occurred to me," Marianna remarked, with a laugh; "but it is very simple. To work."

Hunters and trappers are skillful and most expeditious men; in a few minutes Marianna had skinned the jaguars, and Stronghand formed the litter; the skins, after being carefully folded, were securely fastened on the back of Bigote, who did not at all like the burden imposed on him; but after a while he made up his mind to put up with it. Stronghand covered the litter with leaves and grass, over which he laid the saddle-cloth of the horse the jaguars had devoured; then he requested the young lady to seat herself on this soft divan, which was so suddenly improvised, and the two men, taking it on their strong shoulders, started in the direction of the hacienda, joined by Bigote, who trotted in front with glad bark.

Although the hunters had, from excess of precaution, formed torches of coote-wood to help them, the darkness was so complete—the trees were so close together—that it was with extreme difficulty that they succeeded in advancing in this inextricable labyrinth. Forced to take continued detours—obliged at times to walk in water up to their waists—deafened by the discordant cries of the birds, which the flash of the torches aroused—they saw all around them the wild beasts flying, with hoarse roars and eyes glaring through the darkness. It was then that Dona Marianna fully comprehended what frightful peril she had escaped, and how certain her death would have been, had not the hunter come to her assistance with such noble self-devotion; and at the remembrance of all that had occurred, and which was now but a dream, a convulsive tremor passed over her limbs, and she felt as if she were about to faint. Stronghand, who seemed to guess what was going on in the maiden's mind, frequently spoke to her, in order to change the current of her ideas by compelling her to answer him. They had been marching for a long distance, and the forest seemed as savage as when they started.

"Do you believe," Dona Marianna asked, "that we are on the right road?"

"Even admitting, senorita, what might be possible," the hunter answered, "that Marianna and myself were capable of falling into an error, we have with us an infallible guide in Bigote, who, you may be quite certain, will not lead us astray."

"Within ten minutes, senorita," the tigero said, "we shall enter the road that runs from the rancho to the hacienda."

All at once the two men stopped. At the same moment Dona Marianna heard shouts that seemed to answer each other in various directions.

"Forward! forward!" said Stronghand; "let us not leave your relatives and friends in anxiety longer than we can help."

"Thank," she answered.

They continued their march; and, as the tigero had announced, in a few minutes they reached the road to the hacienda.

"What will we do now?" Marianna asked.

"I think," Stronghand answered, "that we ought to announce our presence by a cry for help, and then proceed in the direction of those who answer us. What is your opinion, senorita?"

"Yes," she said, "I think we ought to do so; for otherwise we run a risk of reaching the hacienda without meeting any of the persons sent to seek me, and who might continue their search till morning, which would be ingratitude on my part."

"You are right, Nina; for all these worthy people are attached to you, and besides, your brother and Don Paredes are also seeking you."

"That is a further reason why we should hasten to announce our return," the young lady answered.

The two hunters, after consulting for a moment, uttered together that long shrill yell, which, in the desert as in the mountain, serves as the rallying cry, and may be heard for an enormous distance. Almost immediately the whole forest seemed to be aroused; similar cries broke out in all directions, and the hunters noticed red dots running with extreme rapidity between the trees, and all converging on the spot where they stood, as if they radiated from a common centre. Certain of having been heard, the hunters once again uttered their shouts for help. The reply was not delayed; the galloping of horses soon became distinct, and then riders, holding torches, appeared from all parts of the forest coming at full speed, waving their hands, and resembling the fantastic huntsmen of the old German legends. In a few minutes all the persons were assembled round the litter on which the young lady reclined; and Don Ruiz and the majordomo were not long as they arrived. We will not describe the joy of brother and sister in seeing each other again.

"Brother," Dona Marianna said to Don Ruiz, "if you find me still alive, you owe it to the man who before saved us both from the pirates of the prairie; had it not been for him, I should have been lost."

"You may safely say that, and no mistake," Marianna said, in confirmation.

"Where is he?" Don Ruiz asked; "where is he? that I may express all my gratitude to him."

But he was sought for in vain. During the first moment of confusion, Stronghand had summoned a peon to take his place—had glided unnoticed into the forest and disappeared—no one being able to say in what direction he had gone.

"Why this fight?" Dona Marianna murmured, with a stifled sigh; "does this strange man fear lest our gratitude should prove too warm?"

And she thoughtfully bowed her head on her bosom.

CHAPTER XXII. CHANCE WORK.

Although he allowed nothing to be visible, Don Ruiz was vexed at heart with the effrontery the hunter seemed to display in avoiding him, and escaping from his thanks. This savagery in a man to whom he owed such serious obligations appeared to him to conceal either a disguised enmity, or dark schemes whose accomplishment he feared—though he could not assign any plausible motive for them, especially after the manner in which the hunter had not hesitated on two occasions to imperil his life in assisting himself and his sister. These thoughts, which incessantly thronged to the mind of Don Ruiz, plunged him into deep troubles for some moments; still, when the peons he had sent off to seek the hunter all returned one after the other, declaring that they could not possibly find his trail, the young man shook his head several times, frowned, and then gave orders for the start.

Dona Marianna's return to the hacienda was a real triumphal procession. The peons, delighted at having found their mistress again safe and sound, gayly bore her on their shoulders, laughing, singing, and dancing along the road, not knowing how otherwise to express their joy, and yet desirous to make her comprehend the pleasure they felt. In spite of the fatigue that crushed her, and the state of exhaustion into which she had fallen through the terrific emotions she had undergone, Dona Marianna, sensible of these manifestations of gratitude, made energetic efforts in order to appear to share their joy, and prove to them how greatly she was affected by it. But, although she gave them her sweetest smiles and gentlest words, she could not have endured much longer the constraint, and she was really exhausted when the little party at length reached the hacienda.

The marquis, who was suffering the most frightful agitation, had gone to the last gate to meet them, and would possibly have gone father still, had not Don Ruiz taken the precaution, so soon as his sister was found, to send off a peon to tranquillize his mind and announce the successful result. At the first moment the marquis completely forgot his aristocratic pride, only to think of the happiness of pressing to his heart the child he feared he had lost forever. Don Rufino Contreras, carried away by the example, shared in the general joy, and pretended to pump up a tear of sympathy while fixing on the young lady his huge gray eyes, to which he tried in vain to give a tender expression.

The maiden threw herself with an outburst of tears into her father's arms, and at length, yielding to her feelings, fainted—as an accident which, by arousing the anxiety of the spectators, cut short all the demonstration." Dona Marianna was conveyed to her apartments, and the peons were dismissed after the majordomo had, by the order of the marquis, distributed among them *petates* and tragos of refino, which set the crown of the delight of these worthy fellows.

In spite of the offer of Paredes, who invited him to spend the night at the hacienda, the tigero would not consent; and after freeing Bigote from the jaguars' skins, which seemed to cause the dog considerable

pleasure, they both started gayly for the rancho. It was about 3 o'clock, A. M., and a splendid night, and the tigress, with her gun under her arm and her dog at her heels, was walking at a steady pace while whistling a merry jamaica, when, just as he was entering the shadow of the forest, Stronghand suddenly emerged from a thicket two paces ahead of him.

"Hilloh!" the tigress said, on recognizing him; "where the deuce did you get to just now, that it was impossible to find you? What was burning in your bonnet?"

The hunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you fancy," he replied, "that it is so very pleasant to be stared at by those semi-idiotic people for performing so simple a deed as mine was?"

"Well, opinions are free, compadre, and I will not argue with you on that score; still, I should not have run off in that way."

"Very well. You are more modest than you like to show, brother; and I feel certain that, under similar circumstances, you would have acted as I did."

"That is possible, though I do not believe it; still, I thank you," he added, with a laugh, "for having discovered in me a quality which I was not aware I possessed. But where on earth are you going at such an hour?"

"I was looking for you."

"In that case all is for the best, since you have found me; what do you want of me?"

"Our house is now large, but sufficiently so to contain a guest, especially when you are here; you can remain with us as long as you please."

"I thank you, gospie, but I shall not abuse your complaisance; I am obliged to remain for a few days in these parts, and, as the nights are fresh, I will confess that I prefer passing them under a roof instead of the star-spangled arch of heaven."

"As you please, Stronghand, the door of my humble rancho is ever open to let you in or out. I do not want to know the reason for your stay here; but the longer you remain with us, the greater honor and pleasure you will afford us."

"Thanks, comrade."

All was settled in a few words. The two men continued their walk, and soon reached the rancho. The tigress led the hunter to his bed-room, where they lay down side by side, and soon fell asleep. A few days elapsed during which the hunter saw Dona Mariana several times, while careful not to let her notice him, although it was evident to Stronghand that the young lady would have liked nothing better than meeting him; perhaps she really desired it, without daring to confess it to herself.

One day, about a week after the scene with the jaguars, the hunter was lying half-asleep in a cove whose leafy branches completely hid him from sight, and quietly enjoying his siesta during the great mid-day heat, when he fancied he heard the sound of footsteps not far from the spot where he was.

He instinctively opened his eyes, raised himself on his elbow, and looked carefully around him; he checked a cry of surprise on recognizing the man, who had stopped close to the thicket and dismounted, like a man who has reached the spot he desired. This man was Kidd, the bandit, with whom the reader has already formed acquaintance.

"What does that scoundrel want here?" the hunter asked himself. "He is doubtless plotting some infamy, and I blow the chance that brings him within ear-shot, for this demon is one of the men who cannot be watched too closely."

In the meanwhile Kidd had removed his horse's bit, in order to let it graze freely; he himself sat down on a rock, lit a hunk cigar, and began smoking with all the nonchalance of a man whose conscience is perfectly at ease. Stronghand racked his brains in vain to try and discover the motive for the presence of the bandit in these parts, so remote from the ordinary scene of his villainy, when chance, which had already favored him, gave him the clue to the enigma, which he had almost despaired of obtaining. A sound made him turn his head, and he saw a stout horseman, with rufous face and handsome dress, coming up at an amble. When he reached the adventurer, the latter rose, bowed respectfully, and assisted him to dismount.

"Ouf!" the stout man said, with a sigh of relief, "what a confounded ride!"

"Well," the bandit replied with a grin, "you must blame yourself, Don Rufino, for you arranged it. May the fiend twist my neck if I would damage myself, no matter for what purpose, and ride across the plain at this hour of the day."

"Everybody is the best judge of his own business," Master Kidd, Don Rufino remarked, dryly, as he wiped his steaming face, with a fine cambric handkerchief.

"That is possible; but if I had the honor to be Don Rufino Contreras, enormously rich, and senator to boot, hang me if I would put myself out of my way to run after an adventurer like Master Kidd, whatever pleasure I might take at other times in the conversation of that worthy caballero."

The senator began laughing.

"Ha! ha! scoundrel, you have scented something."

"Hang it!" the bandit replied, impudently, "I do not deceive myself, and am well aware that whatever attractions my conversation may offer, you would not have come this distance expressly to hear it."

"That is possible, scamp. However listen to me."

"I can see from your familiarity that the job will be an expensive one; well, I do not dislike that of entering upon the subject, for it forbodes a good business."

The senator shrugged his shoulders with an ill-disguised contempt. "Enough of this," he said, "let us come to facts."

"I ask nothing better."

"Are you fond of money?"

"I certainly have a weakness for gold."

"Good. Would you hesitate about killing a man to earn it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I ask you, scoundrel, whether in a case of necessity you would kill a man for money?"

"I perfectly understood you."

"Then why make me repeat it?"

"Because your doubt is offensive to my feelings."

"How so?"

"Hang it, I fancy I speak clearly. Killing a man is nothing when you are well paid for it."

"I will pay well."

"Beware!"

"Yes, if you like."

"How much?"

"I warn you that the man I refer to is but a poor fellow."

"Yes, a poor fellow who is troublesome to you. Well, go on."

"One thousand p'as. Is that enough?"

"It is not too much."

"Confound it, you are expensive."

"That is possible; but I do my work conscientiously. Well, tell me who the man is that is in your way?"

"Jose Parades."

"The majordomo at the Toro?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that he is not an easy man to kill? You must owe him a score grudge, I suppose?"

"I do not know him."

The bandit looked in amazement at the speaker.

"You do not know him, and yet offer one thousand p'as for his death? Nonsense!"

"It is so."

"But you must have a reason. Carol, a man is not killed as one twists a fowl's neck. I know that, bandit though I am."

"You said it just now. He is in my way."

"That is different," the adventurer replied, convinced by this peremptory reason. "Listen to me attentively, and engrave my words on your mind."

"Go on, scoundrel. I will not lose a word."

"In two or three days the majordomo will leave for Hermosillo, carrying bills to a considerable amount."

"Good," the bandit said, rubbing his hands gleefully; "I will kill him as he passes, and take possession of the bills."

"No, you will let him go on in peace, and you will kill him on his return, when he has cashed the bills."

"That is true. Where the deuce was my head? That will be much better."

Don Rufino looked at him ironically.

"You will deliver to me the sum this man is the bearer of," he said.

The bandit gave a start of alarm.

"I suppose the sum is large?"

"Fifty thousand p'as."

"Viva Dios! Surrender such a fortune? I would sooner be burned alive."

"You must, though."

"Nonsense," the senator remarked, contemptuously. "You know you are in my hands. All the worse for you if you hesitate, for you will then lose two thousand p'as."

"You said one thousand."

"I made a mistake."

"And when will you give them to me?"

"At once."

"Have you the amount about you?"

"Yes."

Suddenly the bandit's eyes gleamed with a sinister flash; he drew himself up, and leaped, knife in hand, upon the senator. But the adventurer had a powerful adversary. Don Rufino had long known the man he was treating with, and, while conversing, had not once taken his eye off, and attentively watched all his movements. Hence, though Kidd's action was so rapid, Don Rufino was before him; he seized his arm with his left hand, while with the right he placed a pistol to his chest.

"Hilloh, my master," he said, coldly, and with the most perfect tranquillity, "are you mad, or has a wisp stung you?"

Abashed by his failure, the bandit gave him a savage look.

"Let me loose!"

"Not before you have thrown your knife away, scoundrel!"

Kidd opened his hand, the knife fell on the ground, and Don Rufino put his foot upon it.

"You are not half clever enough," he said, sarcastically; "you deserve to have your brains blown out, in order to teach you to take your measures better another time."

"I do not always miss my mark," he replied, with a menacing accent.

There was a moment of silence between the two men. Stronghand still watched them, not losing one of their words or gestures, which interested him to the highest degree. At length Don Rufino spoke.

"Have you reflected?" he asked the bandit.

"Of what?" the latter remarked, roughly; "of this proposal?"

"Yes."

"Well, I accept."

"But you understand," the senator continued, laying a stress upon every word, "you must deal frankly this time. No trickery, eh?"

"No, no," Kidd answered, with a shake of the head; "you may be sure of that."

"I reckon on your honesty. Moreover profit by what has occurred to-day. I am not always so good-tempered; and if a misunderstanding, like that just now again arose between us, the consequences might be very serious to you."

These few words were uttered with an intonation of voice, and accompanied by a look, that produced a profound impression on the bandit.

"All right," he said, shrugging his shoulders savagely; "there is no need to threaten, as all is settled."

"Very good."

"Where shall I come to you after the business?"

"Do not trouble yourself about that. I shall manage to find you."

"Ah!" he said, with a side glance; "then that is your affair?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Give me the money."

"Here it is. But remember, if you deceive me—"

"Nonsense," the bandit interrupted him. "Did I not tell you that it was all settled?"

The senator drew from his pocket a long purse, through whose meshes gold coins could be seen. He weighed it for an instant in his hand, and then threw it twenty paces from him.

"Go and fetch it," he said.

The bandit dashed at the gold, which as it fell produced a ringing sound. Don Rufino took advantage of this movement to get into his saddle.

"Good-by," he said to the bandit. "Remember!" he started at a gallop. Kidd made no reply, for he was too busy counting the ounces contained in the purse.

"All right," he at last said, with a smile upon his features, as he hid the purse in his bosom. "No matter," he added, as he looked savagely after the senator, "I allow that I am in your power, demon; but if I ever had you in my hands as you had me to-day, and I managed to discover one of your secrets, I should not be so mad as to show you any mercy."

After this colloquy the bandit went up to his horse, tightened the girths, and set out in his turn, but in a direction opposite to that which the senator had taken. So soon as he was alone, the hunter rose.

"Oh, oh!" he muttered, "that is a dark plot. That man cannot want to kill Parades merely to rob him; it is plain that the blow is meant for the majordomo. I will be on my guard."

We have already seen that the hunter religiously kept his promise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAR. 18, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the club may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Club subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$50—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The list may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

WE HAVE STILL A FAIR SUPPLY OF THE BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

Mrs. B., wife of one of our editorial brethren in Illinois, says:—

"We have many exchanges, but above all I prefer THE POST."

Mrs. B. also tells of her first meeting when a child with THE POST, wrapped around a bundle of dry goods, and how she whisked off unseen to the garret, and devoured every line over and over. It was the first whole newspaper she had ever seen.

F. D., of Friendship, Tennessee, says:—

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the most instructive and entertaining paper I have ever read."

Mrs. D. H., of Harper, Iowa, says:—

"We thought we would have to get along without THE POST, but find it impossible."

Mrs. M. B., of Shiloh, Tennessee, says:—

"I like THE POST very much, and do not like to be without it."

Mrs. H. M. M., of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in sending on a club of five, says:—

"I have read THE POST for 35 years. I am an old lady, or I would have sent on a larger club."

Mrs. C. D., of South Barre, Vermont, says:—

"The children often say they do not believe mother could keep house without THE POST."

Mrs. E. W., of Wilmington, Ohio, says:—

"I must have THE POST. The household is incomplete without it."

Mr. J. B., of Promise City, Iowa, says:—

"I and Mr. J. have taken THE POST for three years, and we expect to take it as long as we live."

Mrs. A. L. S., of Kennett, Missouri, says:—

"We are away down here in the swamps, with but little reading matter accessible, and can't do without THE POST. We all love it."

Mrs. A. E. W., of Posters, Alabama, says:—

"You see I have changed my name, but I cannot change my paper. I feel perfectly lost without it."

J. F. W., of Vinton Station, Ohio, says:—

"Ever since I can remember some of our family have taken THE POST. I have taken several different papers, but THE POST is best of all."

THE NEW ORLEANS DIRECTORY was published with an error which cost the compiler much expense and trouble. It gave the name of a leading white citizen with the suffix "colored."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DECKEN OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S., etc. With Illustrations. In two volumes. Vol. I. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a volume which will be eagerly read by all those interested in what is generally known as the development hypothesis, of which Mr. Darwin is perhaps the ablest exponent. The object of this work, as the author states, is to consider, firstly, whether man, like every other species, is descended from some pre-existing form; secondly, the manner of his development; and thirdly, the value of the differences between the so-called races of men. To the solution of these questions, Mr. Darwin brings an amount of scientific information, which few men possess.

THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE. By the author of "The Two Guardians," "Henrietta's War," etc. In two volumes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. A finely gotten-up edition of this well known novel.

WESTWARD BY RAIL: The New Route to the East. By W. F. HAE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a description of a journey westward through the United States. It is written by an Englishman, and deals largely with the Mormon question, the Chinese, and other topics of interest.

THE LAKEIDE MONTHLY FOR MARCH contains: "Caroline Nilsson in America," "Something About Kansas," "Light from the Eclipse," "Pedestrianism Among the Alps," "About Battlegrounds," &c. Published by the Lakeside Publishing Co., 108 and 110 Dearborn street, Chicago.

WONDERFUL ESCAPES. Revised from the French by F. BERNARD, and original chapters added. By RICHARD WHITEING. With twenty-six plates. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The illustrations which accompany these stories, designed by Emile Bayard, are annually fine.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY. American Edition. Contains: "What we may learn," "Frank Marshall," "Wake, England, Wake," "Narrative of the Red River Expedition, Completed," and other stories and miscellaneous papers. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

WILKINSON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part for February. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. There is no journal which we prize more for the excellence of its articles and the beauty of its illustrations than Appleton's. The drawings descriptive of the Natural Bridge in Virginia, by Mr. Harry Fenn, are executed in the most artistic manner; and the scientific papers and biographical matter are of that high class which this magazine always gives us.

GOOD WORDS. Edited by NORMAN McLEOD, D. D. The March number contains: "The Editor's Sympathy," "George Heath, the Moorland Poet," "The Code," "Queen Jean," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

OLD AND NEW FOR MARCH contains: "The United States of Europe," "A Country Girl at the Opera," "The Growth and Power of a Plant," "Pink and White Tyranny, continued," "Watching," "American Political Science," "A Valentine," and other good articles and poems. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January. American edition. Contains: "France," "Lives of Rosini and Berlioz," "Morris's Early Parables," "The Foreign Relations of China," "Langel's Problems of Nature and Life," "The Treaties of 1856 and 1867," and other interesting and valuable papers. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton St., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

THE caucus of the Republican Senators at Washington voted to remove Senator Sumner of Massachusetts from the head of the committee of Foreign Relations and substitute Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania by a vote of 23 to 21. President Grant and Mr. Sumner do not see alike on several questions. The Senate confirmed the caucus action by a vote of 33 to 9.

TRUTH.—We must not always speak all that we know—that were folly, but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery. All a man can get by lying and decubing is that he shall not be believed when he speaks the truth.—Montaigne.

Terre Haute claims more banks than any other city of its size. One is a national, the other thirteen or so are of the farm and home varieties.

At a town in Vermont there is a child but nine months old, who neither walks nor creeps but talks easily and distinctly.

A French author, Terrail, when some friends were talking in his presence about the awfulness of 1870, said he was greatly pleased with the year. Astonished, they asked him why, and he answered: "Because nobody can hereafter tax Rocombole with improbability." Rocombole is one of his most extravagant works.

The farthest about 6,000 women have petitioned Congress against woman suffrage, and doubtless 60,000 or 600,000 names could be sent in with very little effort.

On the night of the 5th a family named Walker, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Walker and two children, living in McHenry county, a short distance north of Elgin, Ill., were found dead in their house. A letter was found explaining that the father and mother had given laudanum to their children and taken it themselves, and were happy in believing that they would go to their children in a better world. They were earnest spiritualists.

To dodge the Civil Rights bill, the tickets issued for the New Orleans Opera House are inscribed: "Contract between the Association of New Orleans and the holder of this ticket. It is agreed, and this ticket is sold with the understanding, that the controller shall have the right to refuse admission to or expel the holder thereof upon returning the regular price of the same."

One of the last illustrations in the Charivari, signed "Cham," represents a crowd of Prussians carrying away in their hands, on their backs, and in baskets, all the clocks in France, and Cham remarks: "They may carry off all the clocks, but they will not prevent the hour of vengeance from striking."

It is supposed that Adam was orthodox in his sentiments, because his wife was Eve-angelical.

The Murderer of Mr. Nathans.

The police of New York are desirous of finding a man by the name of Forrester, suspected of being the murderer of Mr. Nathans. The New York World says:—

By tracing his movements they learned that he was seen in this city (New York) the day of the murder, but had disappeared the day after. To find this man Forrester appeared for a long time simply impossible. Detectives were sent scouring the country in search of him, and all the clever detectives in various large cities of the United States were employed in hunting for him, but thus far without avail. On a number of occasions the detectives have been on his track, but he has managed to elude their vigilance, and he is still at large, for, says Superintendent Kelso, "he's the best hide in the country."

He has been traced from New York to Chicago, thence to St. Louis, from that place to Cincinnati, and even to New Orleans, but the police have not been able to put their hands on him. They have been told in every station that he has been and are now at bay. As a last resort, finding that secrecy has not assisted them in securing the murderer, Superintendent Kelso has determined to give the matter the utmost publicity, and see whether this will effect the desired consummation. With this object in view, Superintendent Kelso has prepared a circular giving an accurate description of Forrester, and offering \$2,500 reward for his capture and delivery in this city.

The following is a copy of the circular:

New York, February 23, 1871.

Twenty-five hundred dollars will be paid for the arrest and delivery at the office of the Superintendent of Police, in the City of New York, of Billy Forrester, alias Billy Marshall, alias Billy or

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lyna," "Becky Rose," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the instruction of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meals and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

Death.

The following is an extract from a recent funeral address by Rev. Dr. Bellows:

But what would external nature, looked at physically, be able to accomplish without death? Is not the whole vegetable mould, that makes the earth green and fruitful every spring, the grave of decayed and dead plants? Way does nature send a million apple blossoms forth in the spring, where she expects only a thousand apples in the autumn, except to make those thousand apples sure? Should the tree ripen every blossom it puts forth, it would die of exhaustion its first season. Had it only as many blossoms as expected fruits, the wind and rain would beat most of them off, and leave us without a harvest. Nature is profuse of life, because life by its very nature is and must be precarious, and death is the very measure of its necessary uncertainty, but also the very means by which its own ravages are repaired. There is no waste in nature, spite of its profusion. Death disposes of this or that prospect of life in the vegetable or animal kingdom, but it helps to maintain the life of each species, and nature is careful rather for the class than the individual. It is known to naturalists that death favors the improvement of every vegetable and animal race by continually renewing its youth, weeding out what is less vigorous and less fitted to contend with the rivals or enemies of its existence, and so continually perfecting God's earthly creation.

Walking.

By DR. LEWIS, M. D.

I have studied the subject of exercise for twenty years. I have invented a system of gymnastics, which has been introduced into nearly all the schools in America, into most of the English gymnasia, and was introduced into the schools of Berlin a few years ago, with public acclamation.

I have been the recipient of honorable testimonials from American colleges, many important educational bodies, and from many sources in England and Germany.

Please excuse this parade. My object in making these statements, is to give a just emphasis to an opinion which I wish now to express. It is this—that walking, when properly managed, is the best of all exercises. None of the artificial exercises can be compared with it. Every important muscle works actively in walking. Notice an active walker. See how every part works—legs, hips, arms, shoulders—the man works all over. Brisk walking gives even the upper half of the body fine play. Then walking costs nothing. You are not obliged to join a class, and employ a teacher. Again, walking takes you into the open air and sunshine, while in gymnastics you are in the dusty atmosphere of a hall, and it is not a small advantage that in walking you enjoy a succession of changing scenes—suggestions of new thought. And walking with a friend, the conversation may be interesting and instructive. All this may be found in natural and active walking.

Misery of an Aimless Life.

It is the lack of object, of all aim, in the lives of the houseless wanderers that gives to them the most terrible element of their misery. Think of it! To walk forth with, say, ten shillings in your pocket—so that there need be no instant suffering from want of bread or shelter—and have no work to do, no friend to see, no place to expect you, no duty to accomplish, no hope to follow, no hours to which you can draw nigher, except that hours which, in such circumstances, the traveller must surely regard as simply the end of his weariness! But there is nothing to which humanity cannot attain itself. Men can live upon potatoes; can learn to endure absolute solitude; can bear contempt, scorn and shame, and never show it.

A man attempted recently to steal a ride on a freight car on the Union Pacific railroad. His presence, of course, not being known, the car was loaded and he was kept a prisoner for five days without food or drink, until the car arrived at Omaha. When found his feet and legs were frozen solid.

A man was recently informed, just before his marriage, that his bride had fallen heir to \$300,000, but he let the ceremony go on just the same.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-morrow and to-morrow,
And may be for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is burst-

ing
For trouble and tolling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and safely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
For those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces:
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion,
So gently and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so restful
To him who has suffered and hearse—
To him who surely, without a word spoken,
Kneels down there and knows your heart
broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed
you.

Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought—if that cheer:
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each dis-

tance
Of past desolation and years,
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

Women Fascinating Women.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We often see in the opposite sexes, the most unaccountable attachments arise; sometimes not reciprocated, sometimes unlawful; women with apparently affectionate and compatible partners and lovely children, desert home and kindred, brave scandal and disgrace, and sacrifice the purest and most holy relation instituted among men, for a blinding passion, without excuse or show of reason; when often the object of such a passion is most unlovely, and there is something so glaringly incongruous in the attachment of the two, that it is rendered shocking from that cause alone.

Much less dangerous in its results, but probably of like origin, is this fascination of women by women, already treated of in your columns; and it may arise from either of two causes:—
First—The concurrent influence of the subtle agent, which attracts bodies of matter, and which has a no less influence on certain qualities of mind, commonly called sympathy—but more powerful, as it contains the power of subjection, as well as attraction.

Milton says—

"Or sympathy or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance."

When certain qualities of mind, nameless because differing entirely in different persons come in contact, this sympathy or "secret conveyance" becomes magnetism, in which the stronger—perhaps in only one quality, attracts, then subjects, sometimes unconsciously, the weaker.

It is held by some that magnetism is an attribute of the physical organization alone, but that cannot be, as matter is inorganic of itself, and the physical only the servant of the intellectual. And we sometimes see persons of delicate material possess this magnetizing power to an astonishing degree.

The most beautiful sentiments fall from the lips of the lecturer, cold and powerless except sent out on this invisible current, which makes them charm the audience and hold it spell-bound.
This is the medium through which the great revivalist works in communities, at stated seasons, and of the influence exerted over others by the gentleman flit, and the lady coquette.

Second—This fascination of women by women is sometimes the result of derangement. It may be lunacy, and only appear under certain conditions of physical health, when the forces which feed and sustain the mind are impaired, or it may appear under certain phases of the moon, as eminent physicians say insanity grows better and worse in some cases, as influenced by the moon.

We know that the ardent passion of some men for women, and vice versa, if unrequited, occasionally induces the loving one to murder the object of affection; and then culprit, friends, judge and jury plead "insanity."

At present, with our limited facilities and imperfect knowledge of science, as related to human nature, we can perhaps offer no better mode of cure for the first phase than can be found in change. Let it be total and complete—climate, occupation, association. This will entirely change the nature of the renewal of physical life, which is constantly going on, and give healthy food to the mind, which must grow in some direction, and which, if nourished by new scenes and friendships, and withdrawn wholly from the magnetizing current may outgrow its influence.

For the second, the best medical advice should be followed, and as the case would merely be insanity, there should be a removal to a hospital designed for the cure of mind maladies, where those who have made this disease, in all its different causes and effects, their life study, are able to allow just the proper degree of restraint and liberty to judge symptoms and foresee crises which we might not foresee, and which might consequently end in disastrous results.

How many sad hearts and desolate homes are made by young girls becoming fascinated by men who are unfit to mate with pure women, who are socially, intellectually and morally their inferior!

And why should it be so surprising that this power is felt between persons of the same sex?

"As chance of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and when mothers attain the right standard of excellence, this trouble will be

greatly abated. Their daughters will have a healthy physical life, which is the groundwork of the best culture, a more correct estimate of woman's rights and duties than exists in these days of mixed extremes, the component parts of their brains will be more equally balanced and more thoroughly developed; men will be compelled to purify their lives and ascend to a higher moral status to be recognized by women who will demand purity for purity, excellence for excellence; then these weak points of intellect, these morbid fancies will be gone; the magnetizer powerless, the lunacy vanished, and both friendships and marriages be formed upon a truer, higher basis.

LUCERN ELLIOTT.

Self-Support.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Are women to be blamed for their inaptitudes? The trouble is that they are where they do not belong. They cannot see where business lies, because they were not born with business eyes. A few women succeed. They have an exceptional fondness and fitness for traffic, and they buy and sell and get gain as readily as men, and do not necessarily lose any grace for their worldly wisdom; but women in general have no capacity for business. It hurts them; it annoys them. They are ill at ease. They instinctively make everything a matter of feeling. They are constantly, if unconsciously, referring everything to the standard of civility. They think trade ought to take off its hat as deferentially as courtesy. They are worn out doubly by the wear and tear of the struggle and by the unnaturalness of such wear and tear. What says Miss Mitford—that brave and blameless lady, who upbore out of the ruin of the home which himself had wantonly destroyed a worthless and wicked father? "Women were not meant to earn the bread of a family. I am sure of that; there is a want of strength."

All that can be done for women is to help them do as well as possible what they never can do well, but what it is absolutely necessary they should do somehow. The organization of women makes it improbable that she will ever become, to any large extent, a tiller of the soil; but the Horticultural School established in Boston most wisely offers to women an opportunity for thorough education in the theory and practice of horticulture. It aims to choose that part of agriculture most suited for women, and to substitute trained, skillful, well directed labor for untrained, clumsy, and spasmodic effort. We may admit that women can never equal men in trade or commerce; but, because many women are born to self-support, and because many women may be reduced to self-support, he who founds a college to teach women the arts of trade and commerce confers a real benefit. A woman thoroughly trained to the occupation of type-setting or hair-dressing may be inferior to the thoroughly trained male printer or barber; but she has a great advantage over the untrained woman. That she is less deft than a man is no reason why she should not be as deft as a woman can be; and I fancy her best is far beyond the masculine average. So the objections raised to these schemes—that they tend to take women away from their homes—are not only futile, but fatuous. Women are out of their homes already. It is not a question whether their life shall be domestic or mercantile and mechanical. It is whether they shall be intelligently and lucratively mechanical, or awkwardly, unprofitable, and fatally so. Were it otherwise, did the choice lie between self-support and man-support—coming, of course, naturally and, therefore, honorably—there would be but one answer. And here is where I branch off from the women's rights reform. If I understood it, the leaders teach the absolute worth and desirableness of manual labor to women. They say (I quote from one of their prominent journals): "Women should earn their living. This is the first spring to action. Girls should be reared, like boys, to depend upon themselves for support. Self-support . . . creates a self-respect which nothing else can confer. No true happiness is found in dependence. No true life is consistent with it."

Thus it puts men and women on the same plane. It counts pecuniary independence equally incumbent on and pecuniary dependence equally degrading to both sexes. It demands entrance for women into all departments of labor not as the remedy of an evil, but as the fulfillment of a mission. I do not know how strongly enough to express my dissent. I think the necessity of earning her own living is always a woman's misfortune. She who must support herself in order to respect herself is a very inferior sort of woman. Indeed, so far as regards any conception of her part in the economy of life, she is no woman at all. Probably her instinct teaches her intellect, and she is nineteen-twentieths more a woman than she would make herself out to be.

Pecuniary dependence, degrading to men, is not only not undignified, but is the only thoroughly dignified condition for women. In a renovated and millennial society all women will be supported by men—will have no more to do with bringing in money than the lilies of the field.
It is the misfortune of our age to be as yet far removed from that day; but to imagine it, and then call it degrading is altogether intolerable. Says a woman's paper.

"The intervening years (between girlhood and marriage) are replete with dependence, conventional, honorable, but still grinding dependence; chained to one house, to one round of duties, one constant strain of service. If claimed, in fact, it is well. [This seems to be inconsistent with a subsequent assertion.] If claimed as payment for benefit received, it is a fraud upon her time, her thought, and her purpose. With no will save her father's and no benefit save of his conferring, and no privilege save of his indulgence, she and her mother are self-loving and self-seeking, petted and indulged, caressed, and flattered, it may be, but never self-standing."

When the girl prefers to risk all and help herself, desiring a life of means of her own earning, it is regarded as a direct reproach to her father. It is regarded as a still greater reproach to the husband when the wife alien at self-dependence. "Can't that man support his wife?" is the everywhere urged question."

Surely, this is wild writing. An artist might as well sketch the outline of Heaven and label it Hell. What meaning have words to the mind that call a "loving and beloved, petted and indulged, caressed and flattered" wife or daughter a self? The cause must be hard pushed for grievance which finds such a state of things a grievance. We will admit that, technically, legally, the husband and father has the right of eminent domain. He is a citizen, wife and daughter or not. Actually, also, if he is a wrong-headed or bad-hearted man, he may be an intolerable tyrant. There are men so persistent of will, so feeble or twisted in intellect, that never so superior a wife can only manage them—

can never thoroughly subdue or renew them—Scalians who conquer by their very weakness. But there are also female Scalians, and no law can be framed to touch them. Civil codes may reach a state of absolute perfection, doing equal and entire justice to men and women, and a husband will still be able to hector his wife to death, and the wife her husband; and, as between the two, one is inclined to think she does it best.

A woman has rather more power to make a home steadily and unmitigatedly uncomfortable than has a man. Bas this writer is not speaking of petty tyranny. He expressly depicts a husband and father, able, willing, and longing to support and to cherish; loving and expressing love in all love's ways. To call wifehood to such a man serfdom is to denigrate at random. If there is any serfdom about it, it is far more on the husband's side than on the wife's. There is no slavery so abject as the slavery of a man to the woman he loves. Abject, for it goes behind his will and possesses the whole man. And the more a man he is, the more strong and bright and free, the more thorough is his enslavement. Women to such an one if he falls into the hands of a weak, a frivolous, or an unworthy owner. Joy to him if his proprietor be a large natured woman; for then his complete thrill is his most exalted and divine freedom.

In every known sense of the word a woman owns the man who loves her more than she owns her. Her love is perhaps as great, but it is not so absorbing. She sees the situation where he sees only her. She is as strong as all his strength, because his strength is hers. With whatever of power or wisdom or renown he is endowed she also becomes possessed, and so enlargement of his horizons diminishes one lot of his dependence upon her for the ability to enjoy them. If there is any difference, the supreme control, the court of last resort is hers.—Independent.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

Her name shines not in bannered field,
Where lights and wrong so boldly war;
Nor rings her voice in any cause
Which men and women battle for;
Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,
You long to kneel and kiss her feet.

No wondrous romance wreaths her life;
Nor hath she led a martyr's train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
But poor, and—some would call her plain;
Yet in her dear eyes you see
A beauty shining constantly.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
Nor dainty tulle has her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
A ribbon binds her hair's smooth bands;
Yet in her garments' simple grace
Her soul's regality you trace.

No gift she has to shake and thrill
A thankless world with warbled songs,
And that which takes the ivory keys
To other hands than hers belongs;
Yet in her words of tender cheer
A richer music charms the ear.

She walks in humble ways of life
That lead oft-times through gloom and shade;
And cares and crosses, not a few,
Are on her patient shoulders laid;
Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreaths with grace,
Harsh duty turns to loving zest;
And cheery hope and steadfast will
Are at her side, in work and rest;
Yet never dreams she you can spy
The angel looking from her eye.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Images.

BY MRS. FANNIE E. FEUDGE.

Job—Snow-water—Stocks—Bugs of Treasure—No Name, &c.

"It," said Job, "I wash myself with snow-water, and make my hands never so clean, yet shalt thou plunge me into the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." Job ix. 30, 31. To the imaginative Oriental, the whiteness of snow suggests the idea of purity; and he readily concludes that its water is better suited to cleansing purposes than any other, while it whitens the skin and invigorates the system by preventing perspiration. Nor is this idea only of modern origin. Ptolemy speaks of the ancients preserving snow-water for personal ablution; and great care was taken to have it pure, and keep it as long as possible. Hence Job, admitting that he has sinned, and that God will not hold him innocent, complains of his own impotency to free himself from the pollution of sin, comparing his efforts to do so to washing with snow-water, or that which would be most likely to remove the stains of guilt.

When, in chap. xii. 18, Job says of the Almighty, "He teacheth the bonds of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle," he alludes, in this peculiarly Oriental form of speech, to the bonds that kings lay upon others, not those with which they are themselves bound; and he delineates the Supreme Majesty of Heaven as divesting earthly monarchs of their kingly authority, and then binding their loins, not with the royal girdle worn as an ornament or mark of dignity, but with the girdle that Oriental ordinariness wear when engaged in the service of their masters. The whole paragraph, from v. 14 to 25, alludes to the vicissitudes of every condition in life, and expresses just as an Oriental of to-day would do, by a series of metaphors, the sovereign power of the Ruler of the Universe, and man's impotency when attempting to measure strength with his Creator, who "increaseth nations and destroyeth them" according to His own will. The speaker afterwards goes on, in the next chapter, to make a personal application of the subject to himself, as one set in the stocks, helpless in the hands of the executioner, and no longer able to offer any resistance to his will. By this figure of the stocks, Job seems to describe his own hedged-up path, as Orientals of the present day base many proverbial expressions on their peculiar punishment. A boy, for the first time sent to school, is said to be "put in the stocks"—a young man about to be married, will say jocosely to his friend, "Alas! I am about to be put in the stocks"—and a man in debt or difficulty of any kind, will bewail himself as "set in the stocks"—sometimes adding in language strikingly like that of the text, "the guards are around my path, and a seal (or 'prize') is put upon my neck," thus rendering the removal of the stocks impossible without detection. This seal or "prize" was probably in former times

placed on the slips of paper that were passed over the opening of the stocks, just as the Chinese of these days do over the portable pillories that are worn for a given time around the necks of lesser criminals—the wearer being permitted to go at large during the day, though obliged to report himself to the officer every morning, while a heavy penalty is always attached to the breaking of the seal.

The remarkable language of chap. xiv. 17, "My transgression is sealed up in a bag, and thou seest up mine iniquity" is strikingly Oriental in character; and is well illustrated by the modern custom of sewing up large sums of money in bags, to which an official seal is affixed, and then transferring them from hand to hand, without opening or recounting, unless it should be necessary to obtain part of the sum therein contained. Sheikh, merchants and travellers who have use for large sums in their business, take this method of saving time and trouble in counting over the money at every transaction; and Job, figuratively of course, describes God as thus laying up his sins till the day of final reckoning.

In chap. xlvii. 17, Bildad enumerating the calamities of the wicked says: "His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street"—language wondrously expressive to an Eastern man, as denoting not only the lack of male heirs, but likewise an infamy or obscurity worse than death. If you ask a Hindoo or Persian, the character of a man, the answer will probably be, "His name is in every street"; that is, he is one of whom all speak well; or, on the other hand, "He has no name, none on the street will acknowledge him"—which is equivalent to saying his reputation is lost. If one seeks a favor at your hands, he will urge his cause by the plea: "Grant me my petition, and your name shall be on every street," &c., &c.

The want of male descendants, which is also implied, has ever been esteemed by Eastern nations, as among the greatest of misfortunes; and a common malediction in many Oriental countries, is: "Let him die without a son to mourn for him, or to water his grave with tears, and let his name be blotted out forever."

Job, arguing the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments, to vindicate God's dealings with his creatures, in this earthly life, where the righteous are often afflicted, and the wicked crowned with prosperity—says of the ungodly rich man: "The clouds of the valley shall be sweet unto him;" chap. xxi. 33, referring, doubtless, to the circumstances of honor and respect that attend even the burial of those rich in this world's goods; and the care that is afterwards taken of their tombs, is decking them from time to time, with sweet scented flowers and shrubs. This is a very ancient custom—one to which frequent and beautiful reference is made by many Oriental poets; and in nearly all Eastern lands where the dead are buried, the care that is taken to decorate and beautify the graves is a touching tribute to the loved ones entombed beneath the fragrant "clouds of the valley"—thus made sweet unto them.

The poor and friendless do not receive this attention, and in this difference seems to lie the point of Job's language.

In chapter xxix. 7, 8, referring to his former prosperous condition, Job says: "When I went out to the gate, through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street, the young men saw me and hid themselves." He thus describes himself as performing the functions of a judge, in the usual place of judicature, the gate of the city. All over the East, great respect is paid to old people by the young, who never presume to take any part in the conversation when their seniors are talking, or otherwise obtrude themselves into notice, unless specially invited to do so. Whenever either an aged man or one of high rank is passing, it is customary for the young to withdraw into the background, and remain entirely out of view while he is near. In verse 9, it is added: "Princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth."

This act among Orientals is very significant—denoting not only attention, but unanswerable deference. The address of a judge, chief priest, or other high functionary of church or state, is always received in this way. Among the Persians and some others, persons in attendance on the sovereign, are required to keep the hand before the mouth even while speaking, in order to prevent their breath from exhalting toward the august personage before whom they are standing. Oriental etiquette abounds in such conventional decorums; some of which are full of significance, but the majority are simply humiliating, and seemingly confined only to widen as much as possible the great gulf that divides the sovereign and subject—the lofty and the lowly.

In chapter xxx. 11, occurs the words: "He hath loosed my cord;" a striking figure borrowed from the pastoral life of a nomadic people; and referring to the utter destruction that ensues when the cords of a tent are cut or broken. In the same sense, Jeremiah uses similar language: "My tabernacle (tent) is spoiled, and all my cords are broken." Both are intended to convey the idea of overwhelming trouble and sorrow.

* See article on Gates, in former No. of Post.

How to Manage Kerosene Lamps.

Our ears are every day pained by accounts of kerosene lamps exploding and killing, or scorching for life, men, women or children. A simple knowledge of the inflammable nature of the fluid would probably put a stop to nearly all the accidents. As the oil burns down in the lamp, a highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, and as the oil decreases the gas increases. When the oil is nearly consumed, a slight jar will often inflame the gas, and an explosion is sure to follow, dealing death and destruction. A bomb-shell is not more to be dreaded. Now if the lamp is not allowed to burn more than half way down, such accidents are impossible. Always fill your lamps every morning; then you never need fear any explosion. Half of a teaspoonful of salt added to the oil of a lamp which holds a pint, will take away the disagreeable odor sometimes apparent, and it is said, prevent the formation of that dangerous gas. It is a simple remedy, easily applied. It is also asserted that the salt makes the oil last much longer, but we have only hearsay evidence concerning it. Kerosene is the best antidote for a severe burn or scald. Immerse the injured part in cold water for a moment; dry with a soft cloth, taking care not to rub at it. Then bathe in kerosene, and the terrible pain ceases. We know not of the philosophy of the matter, but we do know that it is the most efficacious remedy for severe burns or scalds in the materia medica.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come, and the old years go.

How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little, on fertile plain
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come, and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering birds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grow,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea.
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
No are the crowns of the faithful won,
No are the heavens in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter
and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

WON BY PROXY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY LETTICE THORPE.

"No, sir, I cannot consent to your marrying my daughter."

"But why not, Mr. Merrill, why not? Have you any reasonable objection to my person—my character?"

"Your person? O no—excepting that you're too good-looking. If it had been otherwise, Eva might be a little more docile now."

"But my character, Mr. Merrill, have you any fault to find with that?"

"No, you seem honest enough, I do not suppose that you would steal—that is, anything beside my daughter, and I shall take pretty good care that you do not steal her."

"Then what is it, sir, may I ask?"

"Eva, Mr. Beldon, has been spoiled and pampered and petted. She does not know how to do one useful thing. What kind of a wife would she make a poor man?"

"But I am not poor, I have a large salary. I could not of course give her a carriage and horses quite yet, nor a box at the opera, but she would not be obliged to exert herself at all. I shall be perfectly well able to keep servants and dress her handsomely, even richly."

"But you may lose your fine salary at any moment."

"I have the confidence of my employers, Mr. Merrill, and they are exceedingly kind. It is of no use to say anything more, I am very decided about this, and I beg that you will drop the subject. I wish you to discontinue your visits to my daughter at once. I shall be very glad to hear that you are prospering in this world, but I cannot give you Eva. The comfort and happiness of my daughters are my first and last consideration."

"But she loves me, sir."

"She will get over it; young girls' hearts are not reliable. Good-morning, Mr. Beldon, I have told you my wish—pray do not oppose it."

The young man raised his hat and quickly withdrew; but as he was passing the parlor door, a little white hand was laid upon his arm, and he was drawn into the room and eagerly questioned by the lovely owner of the aforesaid hand.

"What did he say, Henry, what did he say?"

"He forbade my coming to the house at all, Eva."

She laid her head against his arm and burst into tears, drawing her closely to him, he talked in low, soothing tones, until suddenly raising her eyes to his, she said, "I cannot give you up, Henry, I will not give you up. If you cannot come to see me, I shall go to you."

"O my darling, that will never do."

"Then are you willing to relinquish me so easily?" she asked, drawing herself away from him.

"No, dearest, never, never; but we shall be obliged to resort to stratagem, and I have a friend who will assist me. I must go now, for if your father should find me with you, he would be very angry, and after pressing his lips to hers he tore himself away.

William Curtis was seated in his office, hat on, and feet resting upon the mantelpiece, in regular bachelor fashion, when Henry Beldon entered, looking eager and excited.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," exclaimed the former; "but, see here, what's the matter? You look a little down in the mouth, it appears to me."

"Will, I want your assistance."

"How, where, and when?"

soon make her debut in society, so you had better have your eyes wide open."

That evening the gentleman called, as requested, upon Miss Merrill, and invited her to ride the following day. At breakfast, her father said to her, "Eva, I am quite willing that you should encourage Mr. Curtis's attentions, he is a very promising young man."

"And has plenty of money," she added, dryly; "parents are always willing to encourage the attentions of young men that have a fortune, or the expectation of one. Money redeems a multitude of sins. They may drink, cheat or steal, if they are only rich. But if a man is relying upon his own exertions to make his way in the world, no matter how good and honorable he may be, he is treated like a vagrant, or felon. I hate such injustice."

"Don't grow ill-natured, Eva, it would soon spoil your beauty."

"I had rather be ill-natured than mercenary," she retorted.

"I suppose you think your father a terrible old bear, because he won't let you play at love in a cottage—scrubbing floors, washing dishes, cooking salt pork, &c."

"I think you are very cruel," she said, and bursting into tears, rose from her seat and left the room. Her mother's eyes followed her, full of tenderness and sympathy, but Mr. Merrill only laughed, saying:

"She will be in love with Curtis in a week you see if she isn't."

"O no," said the mother. "Eva is very constant in her love and friendships, she will not change, I know."

"Mr. Curtis is not in love with Eva, nor she with him," exclaimed Maude, a beautiful girl of seventeen years.

"Indeed, miss, and what do you know about it?"

The young girl blushed rosy red, and then laughing a little answered,

"I can see, papa, as well as other people. You had better attend to your books, and not trouble yourself about your sister's affairs."

"I shall soon be through with the tiresome old books, and have some affairs of my own," she retorted caucily.

"I beg, Maude, that you will wait until Eva is settled before you begin your flirtations. I shall certainly go crazy if I have two to look after."

"I am going to parties this winter, papa, and of course I shall look my prettiest, and then—"

"It is time to go to school, so no more nonsense, but come and kiss me good-by," and the young lady did as requested.

That afternoon Mr. Curtis called with a dashing little turn-out, and took Eva off in triumph, the young girl looking bright and happy enough to warrant her father's predictions, but at Mr. Merrill's lane another young gentleman took his place by her side, and indulged in certain demonstrations that his predecessor had not dreamed of. They passed one delightful hour together, the horses being allowed to take their own pace, meanwhile, and upon returning to the place appointed Henry sprang out, and young Curtis again sprang in and drove the lady home.

This same programme was repeated week after week, Eva of course being neither health or spirits under such a regime. At length, one day when Harry Beldon was with her, who should they see coming but Mr. Merrill himself.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" asked the frightened girl.

"Haven't you a thick veil, darling?"

"Yes, yes," and immediately the article in question was drawn closely over Eva's face, and shivering with apprehension they met the severe parent, who gave them both a searching glance as he passed by.

"O, Harry, do you think he knew me?"

"Not unless he recognized your dress."

"Then I'm safe enough, for papa never knows whether I am clothed in purple, green, or yellow. Fortunately I had this veil, I shall regard it in future as my kindest friend. Wasn't it funny, though?" and she went off into a fit of joyous laughter, so contagious that her companion soon joined in her merriment.

That evening Mr. Merrill turned to his daughter, saying, "Eva, I do not think you need to wear the willow any longer for Mr. Beldon, he seems to be conquering himself."

"What do you mean, father?" she inquired very demurely, but almost choking with repressed laughter.

"I met him riding with a lady to-day, so closely veiled that I could not see her face, but they seemed to be enjoying themselves very much."

"I do not suppose that Mr. Beldon will be silly enough to make a hermit of himself, and renounce the society of all other ladies, because he has been dismissed from the house of the girl he loves. I hope that he will find consolation somewhere."

"I think, Eva, that you had better find consolation in the society of the gentleman you were with to-day."

"The gentleman I was riding with, papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why, wouldn't you object to my marrying him?"

"I should be most happy to see you his wife."

"Well, I'll tell him then," and laughing mischievously, she ran out of the room.

"So much for a girl's love! What did I tell you, mother? I knew she would be fascinated with the next good-looking fellow that came along," exclaimed the gentleman, triumphantly.

"I have not changed my opinion yet, of Eva," she replied.

"Have not changed your opinion? You do not believe that she is still in love with Beldon, do you?"

"Wait and see."

"Why I have just given my consent to her marrying William Curtis—and she went off, happy as a bird."

The mother smiled incredulously, but said nothing more.

The next day, Mr. Merrill was sitting in his office, when suddenly the door opened, and Eva entered, leaning on Mr. Beldon's arm, looking very happy, but a little nervous.

"My husband, father!" said the audacious little lady.

"What's that?" he inquired, pushing back his chair.

"Don't scold now, papa," she continued, "you said I might marry the gentleman I rode with yesterday—and this is he. I was the veiled lady you saw consoling him."

Mr. Merrill looked very grave for a moment, and then said,

"Well, children, your two young heads were more than a match for my old one; go and see your mother."

And the happy couple were very sure they heard a sound strongly resembling laughter, as they left the room.

"Papa," said a sweet voice, a few moments afterwards, "you were anxious, you know, to have Will Curtis in the family; and—"

"What do you mean, Maude? You haven't commenced your affairs in good earnest, have you?"

"Eva is settled—and Mr. Curtis wants me to marry him."

"Not for two years yet."

"He is willing to wait." And kissing her father a dozen times, she also left him, to join her impatient lover.

NETTIE'S TEMPTATION.

I.

A little old-fashioned chamber, and a little old-fashioned occupant. A prim tiny room full of quaint treasures and fanciful unfashionable devices; a prim tiny head at the window, full of quaint treasures too, and fanciful unfashionable ideas. A head which the May moonlight touched rather sadly, as Nettie O'Neill raised the blind slowly and looked up; up beyond the unremoved white blinds opposite; up beyond the tiles on which the moonlight glistened white and wet; up beyond the pale pure moon itself, searching the strip of deep unfathomable blue which hung above the narrow quiet street.

Perhaps the wistful, child-like eyes could read no answer there to the one great question which troubled them, for when Nettie drew the blind down again, as if gingerly, as she had raised it, there was a great seriousness on her small face.

She moved her dressing-table back into its place before the window, lighted her candle again, and, standing in its light, her high narrow chest of drawers, opened her desk.

Each thing had to be taken out separately that it might be put in properly afterwards, "old-maidish," as Nettie used to say.

First the little square embroidered case with postage stamps worked elaborately on one side, and containing the one stamp still, which had been put into it at its manufacture.

Then the headed penwiper, the ink stains on which were so curiously conformed to the black cloth, leaving the cornered dazling and unspotted. Then a little flat bag of thin white silk, with answered worked in black letters across it; and that was set aside too, for in it there lay only four letters, and though they were neither yellow nor crumpled nor worn, they were within six years as old as the girl who handled them so tenderly.

Then came a second little bag, of blue silk this, and labelled *unanswered* in white letters, not very bulky in appearance, for there lay but one unanswered letter in it.

This Nettie drew out and slowly opened. It was but one sheet of old paper and barely filled, yet it took her a long time to read. Perhaps she was not used to skimming over delicate, lady-like epistles. Perhaps the tender affectionate terms were new and delicious to her who lived on those four letters which her dead mother had written to her fifteen years before. Perhaps she was trying to read in the straight black lines (as she had tried to read in the glimpse of moonlight heaven) an answer to that doubt which puzzled her.

Almost unconsciously she turned back when she had finished, and read the last leaf aloud to herself.

"As I say, dear, I should have urged all this before but I waited until you should be of age, that no one might have any right to interfere with your decision. Now I hope you will come to us at once. We are waiting to welcome you, Nettie, my child, and longing to do so. Write and tell me when to send for you, for I should not like you to come alone. Your Cousin Graham, who has not much to do at home here, will be very glad of the excuse for a journey to the city. Do not send me any scribbles, for I cannot listen to them."

"Nettie, love, do you think your mother would have countenanced the life you lead? I do not care to mince the matter. If he is your father, he has lost all claim to your gratitude or love by his own conduct. I do not care even to remember that he is your father, I merely remember that you are living in a wretched way, alone with a man who is very rarely at home with you, and who, when he is, is very rarely sober. Is this what your mother would have wished, my dear? Is this the life you can bear to think she looks upon? I know her choice would be that you should come to me. My heart bleeds for you, my poor little lonely girl, and I can feel how she would rejoice to see you here at Greenlands with us. Who so proper to be a mother to you, Nettie, as your mother's only sister? Come and be a daughter to me, and a sister to Graham, the only cousin you have in the world; and in coming you will do the only good that is in your power to that man whom I am ashamed to call your father. Remember that any scribbles you may urge I shall look upon as insults to your mother's memory, and I only expect to hear how soon Graham may fetch you."

"I am, dear child, your own loving Aunt, ELLEN LYTTLETON."

There was a long silence in the room after Nettie had read these words aloud to herself, then the candle was snuffed with a quick, resolute little hand; and Nettie, still standing against the high drawers, began to write the fifth answer she had composed to this letter, which had only reached her two days before.

This one should be posted; this should be the real one; but—How hard it was to know exactly what to say! She wrote, slowly and carefully, that she could not go; that her first duty lay with her father, asking who was to live with him, or care for him, if his own daughter would not? Whose duty, or pleasure (put in with rather a gulp) ought it to be, if not hers?

She signed her name with many words of love and gratitude, read the letter over twice, folded, sealed, and addressed it, put on the one stamp out of the perforated case, and then in a new haste jumped into bed, and tried to think of infinite vacuity, and so fall asleep. But trying to think of nothing is the very way to think of everything; and the puzzled little head upon its pillow was from vacancy. The lovely eyes would keep so wide and wakeful in the moonlight, their lids might have been bad fitting ones for their perfect incapacity for keeping closed, while the quick ears were open to every sound. They need not to have been very quick though to catch the sound which broke the silence at last; a peal that crashed through the house with preternatural impetuosity. Nettie sprang out of bed and slipped on her dress with nervous, hurried fingers, then ran noiselessly down stairs and unfastened the door as the bell startled the silence once more.

"Have you kept me waiting long enough yet?" was the snoring greeting she received, at her father passed her, standing his steps with difficulty.

Such a slouching, pitiable figure, despite its height and good proportions. Such a mean, unmanly face, despite its regular features and soft gray hair, that it did well to hasten out of the shamed moonlight, into the gloom of the little passage, where the girl stood with bare feet on the worn floor-cloth.

"You told me never again to sit up for you, father. You said you should have your key."

"Did I?" he drawled, fumbling in one pocket. "Then why didn't you give it me?"

"I did. You took it with you," said Nettie, quietly, as she stooped to bolt the door again.

"Don't argue with me. Where's my supper?"

"It is just one o'clock," the girl said, very low, without raising her head; "surely you have supper."

"That's no business of yours. Get me some hot water."

"Not to-night, father," whispered Nettie, coming a little nearer to him. "The fire is out, and it is so late for me to light another."

For an instant, a silly softened look stole over his face at her touch. In the next it was gone, and something he little guessed of was gone with it. He gave her an impatient push.

"Get the girl up to light it, then, and you go to bed. I never can see what use you are in the house. Call the girl up, I say, and let me have some hot water. You seem to me to forget who is master here."

"Would you rather I remembered that, than that you were my father?" asked Nettie, slowly.

"I would have you remember I am both," he answered, trying to strike a light but failing in the attempt, and as he did so, muttering words which made Nettie shudder as the chill night air had no power to do.

"Well, what are you staring at?"

"I was trying," said the girl, turning her eyes slowly away; "I was trying to do as you say—to remember that you are both. I will light the fire, if you really mean it to be lighted."

"Am I a fool to say it if I do not? Make haste about it."

The great clock of St. Martin's was striking two, when Nettie stole back into her little bed-room—dark now, for the moon had glided away to look on other sights—and the two heavy strokes vibrated through her like two heavy beads of her own heart, as she stood hesitating a minute on her cold bare feet, the hard, wicked words she had been listening to ringing round her in the darkness.

Striking a light she opened her neat little desk once more, and began to write. Neither slowly nor carefully this time, and putting in no word that was unnecessary, no love, no word of thanks. She only said—

"I will come. I will follow this letter at once. No need to trouble any one to fetch me. I have thought, and thought, and perhaps it is best. Your grateful Nettie O'Neill."

Nettie did not read this over. She folded it hastily, moistened the gum, and fastened the envelope with much unnecessary pressing. Then she found she had no stamp, her only one having been put on the long letter she had written three hours before.

Never mind, she could take it off in the steam of the kettle in the morning, only—suppose she should be tempted to post the first!

It would be safer, perhaps, to destroy that one, preserving only the stamp; so she tore the elaborate, carefully-written letter into fifty fragments, and burnt them all. Then once more the small face lay upon its pillow; and the dawn, creeping in with its cold, sweet smile, found the wide desolate eyes searching—searching still.

Twelve o'clock, and Nettie sat at the table waiting breakfast, her hair and her dress neat and prim as ever; her work in one idle hand, as she leaned over the prettily arranged breakfast-table and softly moved with the other a spray of fading hawthorn, rather brown at the edges, which stood in a glass near her father's seat; looking at it, and touching it very thoughtfully.

At the sound of the opening door she started up, reading her father's face rather intently as he greeted him. Poor child! there was little to read there save utter moodiness and discontent.

"Is this all you have for breakfast?" he asked, sitting down before the little dish of ham.

"Yes, father, that is all to-day."

He dropped his knife and fork, and pushed his chair a little back, tapping his foot impatiently. Nettie took him his cup of tea, hardly wondering why he had no relish for his food.

"If you want some of this, help yourself," he said, nodding to her to put down the cup, and he did not speak again through all Nettie's futile attempts at conversation until he rose.

"I shall not be home again until to-morrow," he said. "I suppose you won't cry about that, though. You can go to bed when you like to-night."

"You are away a great deal, father," said Nettie, with an odd little catch in her voice.

"I never go away at all," he said, carelessly. "If anybody likes to have you."

"Shouldn't you care?" she asked, with a pleading wistfulness in her eyes.

"Not a bit," he replied, in listless assurance of the impossibility of the truth of his words being tested. "What would it matter to me? Now then, is my hat brushed?"

When Nettie brought it to him, she laid one nervous little hand upon his arm.

"Come, open the door," he began impatiently.

"But say good-by, father; you are going away, you know."

"Fugh! what trappings. How many kisses do you want?"

"Take it then."

"Father," said Nettie, looking into his eyes with an odd, old look on her small face, "I believe if we were parting forever you would not kiss me of your own free will. Should you?"

"Take your arms away, you baby. When you are going away forever, you can judge for yourself. That is not likely to happen yet awhile. Open that door when I tell you."

Standing back almost shivering in the little passage, Nettie watched the tall figure hesitate a moment on the step, looking up the street and down, then turn off slowly out of sight, with never the backward glance which little Nettie would have grasped at in this moment of doubt and indecision.

II.

The dainty shadows rolled smoothly along the level lawn at Greenlands as the little fleecy clouds chased each other capriciously over the broad face of the white August sun; and as these shadows hurried on they ran up Nettie's white dress and touched for a moment the little thoughtful face. But they passed quickly and softly, as shadows should pass from a young and guileless face, though some one strolling towards her thinks that these shadows stay too long in the big, radiant eyes.

A young man this some one was, in a summer suit and an old felt hat on the very back of his handsome head; and as Nettie sits on the grass, thinking how sweetly and sadly the chime from the distant steeple breaks the Sunday hush upon the valley, he stands and looks down upon her with a very tender light in his laughing gray eyes.

"I wonder you did not hide in my absence as you generally do. I was gathering this," he said, holding out a delicate half-opened tea-rose.

"How beautiful, Graham," she said, her whole face showing the passionate love that had grown up within her for these beauties that had been so unobtainable to the city girl. "Is it for me?"

"No," he answered, slowly drawing back his hand, and beginning to fasten the rose in his coat, "not unless you ask me prettily."

"Then we may as well go to tea; the bell has rung."

She blushed a little in her effort to look dignified; but Graham read the childish nature, he thought, very easily. He knew whether his random tender speeches hurt or pleased her.

"Look straight into my eyes," he said laughing, "and say, 'Dear Graham, give me the flower, please.' You know exactly how to plead when you like, little lady."

"I have never anything to plead for now," she said quietly, "I have a great deal more than I want in every way. What should I plead for?"

"Is it so now to you to have everything you want, dear?" asked Graham tenderly.

"You know it is," she said with a little gulp.

"Come, let us go."

"Skip, Nettie," he said, slipping down beside her on the grass, "I will not go on asking you about your past life as I have been so fond of doing. It was quite natural for my mother to insist on your dropping all connection with, and if possible, all remembrance of your father; but I can perfectly understand how you do not like to speak slightly of him or show him to us in the character of a—"

best friend. He could think of it as you must do if you tell us of your privations; therefore I will never speak of it again if I can help it, but will try the harder to render your home bright and happy enough to make up to you for these past years, and make you forget all the shadows that lie behind. Only, Nettie, you will never talk of leaving us as you have lately frightened me by doing sometimes. Promise me."

She was looking far off beyond the earnest, handsome face, and the little parted lips were quivering painfully.

"You are happy with me—will you Nettie?" he whispered.

"Too happy, Graham," she said, bringing her eyes slowly back to his face, "too happy in one way. O, you don't know what it is to be petted and valued and loved—after—"

"I can fancy it," he said, very low, "and the petting, and the valuing, and the loving are so delicious to us—to me especially, Nettie."

She did not blush at his heartfelt words, ready as her blushes were at other times, nor had her eyes quite lost their distant look.

"Graham, I have put off speaking day after day, she said, in hurried, trembling tones, "because I have been so cowardly, so afraid of going back to hardships and coldness; but I must speak now, I feel as if I could at last. You know what we sang this morning when we went into church, that quite decided me. Graham, if Aunt will let me, if you don't mind, I would be happy—better to go home."

"Are you not out here? Do you really wish to go home?" asked Graham, attempting to rise carefully, but pulling his hat a little over his face.

"I mean home to my father."

"Such whims little girls sometimes take," he answered, stroking her hair softly.

"Come, it is tea time, you know."

"Graham, I really, really mean it. O, listen, please."

"I will not believe you mean it, Nettie," he said huskily. "Mr. O'Neill has made no effort to recall you, has never been as a father to you. How can you set him before us who love you so dearly? It is cruel to us if it be not cruel to yourself."

"O, hush," she cried, covering her face suddenly, "I thought you would help me to see what was right."

"Do you trust to me to show you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Then it is this: to stay and be a dear little helpful daughter to your mother's sister, and to be—O, it would take me a long time to say what to come one else, whose claim I hope to make stronger than a father's—stronger, a hundred times, than such a father's as yours."

"I seem to know only three people in the world," said Nettie with a piteous sadness in her great innocent eyes, "and you make me cast off one of them, or two."

"Not I, dear," said Graham eagerly, "it was he who did it first, this loving father of yours. Let us talk no more of him. Here is your rose; it will soon brighten up the sad little face."

"Those words we say have haunted me ever since," Graham, she said, walking slowly beside him, looking up into his face with eyes he could not fathom. "I will arise and go to my father." Do you remember?"

"That father was a generous, loving one, dear," he answered, gently, "else his son would not have gone back to him, you may be sure. Here is mother coming to the door to look for us. How she will smile at our latest notion, Nettie dear."

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"Yes, sir—yes I would."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your mind, then, is made up?"

"Oh, no—no, it isn't."

"Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"Are you prejudiced?"

"Oh, no, not a bit."

"Have you ever heard of this case?"

"I think I have."

"Would you decide, if on the jury according to the evidence or mere rumor?"

"More rumor."

"Perhaps you don't understand; would you decide according to evidence?"

"Evidence."

"If it was in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?"

"Let it stand."

The Court: "Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a freholder?"

"Yes, sir, oh yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither—I'm a boarder."

"Have formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The Court: "Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on any subject."

St. Wom's Do.

"I've been thinking," said Froggy, absently rattling into our parlor cup; "I've been thinking about this here woman's suffrage business. It's posing," said he, "that's a—new—Olive Logan, for instance, should be made President of this great and glorious country, bequeathed to us by noble sires and all that, she'll be President Logan, wouldn't she?" We bowed. "Well, now, 'posing she was to marry, say, a man by the name of—of—Perkins, for instance, would she be President Logan, or President Perkins?" It was too many for us. "And then again," continued he, after a pause, "supposing Mrs. Johnson was to die, and Olive married Andrew, how then? Just think of Johnson in the White House again! will you? No, sir! With such a prospect, Paul Froggy's down on woman's suffrage!"

A How.

There is a row among the dead languages. Several of the newspapers having perpetrated jokes on the travels and exploits of "St. Transil," whom "Nihilist," and "notas head off," the Yale Courant reports as follows:—"O uenim scilicet! He didn't either. St. Transil drove a *to pene tandem* from the eastward. He is visiting his wife Mrs. De Terra, in this city, and will stay till October. Mrs. Dignos, the Terra, likewise of super with us last evening when he *da heta ja*. The pugilist also cum with him. He *lambda* man badly in the street. He *cutis* no off, and *noctem* flat urna flounder."

FIRST CORRECT OPINION.—A lawyer came into court drunk, when the judge said to him: "Sir, I am sorry to see you in a condition which is a disgrace to yourself and your family, the court, and the profession to which you belong." The reproach elicited the following colloquy: "Did your honor speak to me?" "I did, sir; I said that in my opinion you disgrace yourself and family, the court, and the profession to which you belong, by your conduct." "May I-I-I please your honor, I have been an attorney in-in in this court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give."

THEIR FIRST VOTE.—A justice's jury of six recently tried a man for assault and battery in Crawford County, Ind., and their first vote as to the verdict was as follows:—Juror No. 1 voted "No case of action;" No. 2 voted "Salt and battery, Second D. Greer;" No. 3 decreed the prisoner "Gilty of salt;" No. 4 decreed there was "No case of action;" No. 5 voted it "assault and battery;" while No. 6 decided the prisoner "Gilty of an assault only."

CANDID CHILDHOOD.—Rich Maiden Lady. "Well, May, why are you looking so hard at me?"

May. "I'm looking for your other face."

Lady. "What other face, child?"

May. "Why, ma is always saying you have two faces!" (Consternation of mamma.)

How Small Expenditures Count.

Five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week—not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family, \$18.20 a year—and this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of a year and the interest thereon at six per cent. computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day—\$1.05 per week. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over \$3,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought; yet, with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spoon of thread. Seventy cents per week—it is one year—deposited this amount as before, and you would have \$2,840 in twenty years—quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children; \$2.10 a week, enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper; \$100.50 per year—with it you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could procure good music, to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$15,000.—Exchange.



NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"Instances have been known of lions displaying a strong attachment for men, as in the well-known story of Androcles. In *Natural History*. But as old Danbury was not again heard of, it seems likely that in his case the lion's affection was of the nature of a devouring passion.

A FANCY.

I suppose if all the children Who have lived through ages long, Were collected and inspected They would make a wondrous throng. Oh, the babble of the Babel! Oh, the flutter and the fuss! To begin with Cain and Abel, And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women Who are now and who have been, Every nation since creation That this world of ours has seen: And of all of them, not any But was once a baby small; While of children, oh, how many Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken, Never used their tiny feet; Some have even flown to Heaven Ere they knew that earth was sweet. And indeed I wonder whether, If we reckon every birth, And bring such a flock together, There is room for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces? Who their saucy ears will box? Who will dress them, and caress them? Who will darn their little socks? Where are arms enough to hold them? Hands to pat each shining head? Who will praise them? who will scold them? Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children, Little savage children too, In all stages of all ages That our planet ever knew— Little princes and princesses, Little beggars man and faint; Some in very handsome dresses, Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion Such a motley crowd would make; And the clatter of their chatter, And the things that they would break. Oh, the babble of the Babel! Oh, the flutter and the fuss! To begin with Cain and Abel, And to finish up with us.

Dr. Die Lewis on Evening Entertainment.

If people have beautiful homes and wealth, and desire to make their party a *recherche* affair, are there not professional players, singers, actors, readers, florists, etc.? Something grand could be given for half the expense of an elaborate supper.

I need hardly hint to bright people of a less pretentious class that social singing, dancing, charades, and a hundred brilliant games are all open to them. These are tenfold more enjoyable than the more stately methods of the rich.

The time will soon come when people of really fine culture will not think of giving their guests a late supper; indeed, of the twenty most intellectual and refined homes to which I have been invited in America and Europe, not one gave any refreshments at an evening party, with perhaps the exception of wine in France, and lemonade in this country.

If people have no brains, but have good stomachs, then I advise eating on all occasions; in fact, it is the only thing left. Such people may have already eaten three meals, but when they assemble in the evening at a sociable they had better feed again, and feed heartily; what else is there to do? They can't sit and stare at each other by the hour, and it wouldn't be good manners to lie down on the floor and go to sleep. After they finish the more substantial meats and things they can fill up the rest of the evening with nuts, dough-nuts, apples, cider, and other trifling things.

But if people happen to have a love of music, paintings, conversation (the finest of the fine arts), bright games, charades, dramatics, or any other of twenty amusements—if they happen to have a love for anything above cold pork, then, I advise them, when assembled in a social way, to give their brains a chance, and not stuff their stomachs; the former is human, the latter is pigish.

Few changes in our social life have afforded me such genuine satisfaction as the recent changes, among a few of our best people, in the forms and methods of hospitality.

The change from, "Will you have a glass of whiskey?" which was addressed to callers fifty years ago, to the question, "Will you have something to eat?" which was addressed to them twenty-five years ago, was, on the whole, a great improvement. The change which has now been inaugurated of addressing your hospitality to something above the stomach is a still greater improvement.

When this has been fairly established,

housekeepers can entertain company in the evening with real pleasure and profit to all concerned. When an evening sociable means a "big feed," it involves a great sacrifice; there is roasting, baking, and fussing for two or three days, and the expense is such as only a few can well afford. And what is it all for? Why, I can't think of any thing, unless it is to make the company sick. Does any one doubt that eating late in the evening is injurious? And does any one doubt that the preparation and cost of the supper involve a sacrifice to the housekeeper? If these are admitted, I can't imagine any decent apology for the custom.

What shall be done? Every important movement must be inaugurated by individual action. Let those who have the idea and the moral courage excuse themselves from all evening refreshments, and the fashion will soon become general.

It is a real pleasure to say that already thousands have determined upon this course, so that now it is quite safe to entertain company without refreshments.

Male and Female Created He Them.

It would be amusing were it not also vexatious to read long columns of argument to prove that if women have never excelled in the same directions as men it is because they have been differently educated, or differently situated. Would it be a disgrace to admit that they are differently organized? Shall the peach be humiliated because it is not a pear, or the lily because it is not a rose? It is only among the least civilized nations that women are set to bear the burdens which a higher culture assigned to man. The Swiss peasant woman ploughs the fields; but the intelligent wife of an American farmer makes the butter and cheese, and takes care of the crops her husband has cultivated and harvested. In the domain of abstract thought or of pure mathematics so few attempts have been made by women that Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell are almost as exceptional beings as Joan of Arc. No especial difficulties were thrown in the way of these women, and the mere fact that so few have followed in their footsteps is the surest proof that it is not natural to women to write mathematical treatises, or watch the midnight stars. But is this proving women's inferiority? Surely not, unless a very finite comprehension of the laws of science is the best thing the world offers. There is other culture which is not less noble. One would rather be Mrs. Browning singing at heaven's gate than the best mathematician of the age. The patient, self-forgetful watcher in the ward of a hospital shows as noble a heroism as the great soldier who makes hospitals necessary. It is not a question of great or small, but of radical difference. In the beginning, says the sacred historian, "male and female created He them"—and male and female they seem likely to remain, despite argument.

AGRICULTURAL.

Three Crops in One Season, with a Sketch of the Man who Does It.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

"A little farm, well tilled," has so often been our theme, that it would seem that we had exhausted the subject. Like many other axioms in horticulture and agriculture, it becomes necessary to preach from the same text again and again, to remind young and inexperienced readers that, particularly in the vicinity of large towns or cities, a farm of a few acres, "well tilled," will give each year such profits as farms counting their acres by the hundred do not often yield in a lifetime.

I had almost thought that I knew all about market gardening in this vicinity, that was worth knowing; but a successful experiment, made last fall by one of my neighbors, John Reilly, proved to my satisfaction that I was not yet too old to learn. The neighbor in question is an old foreman of mine, who cultivates about eight acres, in the way usually practised here: first planting the spring crops of early cabbages, beets, lettuce, onions, radishes, etc., which, being sold off by July, the land is again planted to the second crop, which is usually celery. This is all that we have been requiring of the soil, to give us two crops in one season. But this neighbor of mine is a man of more than ordinary shrewdness and a close observer; he saw that the long-continued drought of last July and August was certain to seriously impair the fall cabbage crop, and that the consumer in consequence would pay high for a substitute. He knew that an excellent substitute was spinach, but his small farm of eight acres was already planted with celery or other fall crops, and no other land rich enough to grow the spinach was accessible. He also saw that the drought that was destroying the cabbage crop left the celery but little larger in September than when it was planted in July, and the three feet of space

between the rows of celery were left uncropped; this suggested that a row of spinach might be sown between each two rows of celery; at any rate, it might be worth trying.

Twenty pounds of seed were procured, and about six acres of the ground planted with celery were sown with spinach. Mr. Reilly told me that the experiment netted him \$1,500, clear of all expenses, and that, too, without detriment to the celery crop.

The spinach was sown September 1st, and was sown off and marketed in six weeks from the time of sowing, which gave yet ample time to do the work on the celery crop. I have not the figures giving the profits of the three crops per acre, but judge it to be not less than \$1,000 in the hands of Mr. Reilly, who has been, perhaps, the most successful cultivator in the vicinity of New York. At least, I much doubt if more money has ever been made off the same number of acres in the same space of time than has been done by him. As some of the points in the history of such a man may be interesting to the thousands of your readers who cultivate the soil, I will briefly give them.

On a biting cold day in the month of January, some fifteen years ago, John Reilly, then about 19 years of age, clad in a rough gray frieze and corduroys, and just landed from an emigrant ship, asked me for a job. I was full to overflowing with help, as we usually are at such a season, but he was such a likely "boy," that I made room for him. His wages for the first year were only \$100, the next perhaps \$150. But up to this time I had seen but little of him, as he had been sent under a foreman to the place he now owns, which was some miles removed from my residence. Suddenly, one day, my old foreman died, and my garden, in full crop and working eight men, was without a leader. My practice had ever been, and still is, to select my overseer from the working hands, if possible; accordingly I passed these eight workmen through an examination, and without much hesitation decided that Reilly was the only one fitted to lead, though yet scarcely twenty-one. But I had hardly placed him in charge when trouble began; heads that had been with me for half a dozen years, and almost old enough to be his father, refused to obey his orders and resented his authority, and my hitherto peaceful garden bid fair to resemble Donnybrook on a small scale. I tried to conciliate, but to no purpose. John here developed his self-reliance, and showed his early genius as a commander. He insisted that all the old hands be discharged, and that their places be filled with men whom he could control. I hesitated, being loath to discharge trained men when I could only fill their places by green ones; but increasing difficulties made such a course a necessity; accordingly it was done, and from that time there was peace. John now had a chance to show his ability, and rapidly he did it. The garden, under his superintendence, soon became a model for the neighborhood; always clean, orderly, and having luxuriant crops, and worked at less expense than any of us had worked before. This was owing, in part, to the rigid discipline he enforced with his men, but more particularly to his manner of working them, peculiarly his own, and from which I believe he has not since deviated. He never allowed his men to separate, always working them in a body, himself leading; and no matter whether it was a job requiring an hour or a week to finish, he always moved them together, so that all were under his eye. Such manifest ability soon reaped its reward. In four years John had saved \$3,000 from the salary I paid him. He was then too rich to work for any one; and believing that the chances were a hundred to one that I could not replace such a man, I sold out the land and crops to him at a price that made his interest and taxes over \$2,000 a year. Such a load would have daunted most men, but not such as he. In four years he had paid every dollar of principal—over \$20,000—every cent of which he had made in that time from the product of these eight acres of Jersey soil. He was now firmly on his feet. He bought another eight acres, which he has long since paid for, so that now he is certainly worth \$60,000 in real estate alone, two-thirds of which have actually been paid for from the product of those eight acres of land in eight or nine years. Proud may the man be of a fortune so honestly come by, dug by hard labor from old mother earth! We know that such amounts seem small to the mercantile community, and that our "self-made man" among these must have his millions before his history is thought worth recording; but the energy of mind and body necessary to accomplish so much in so short a time, in such a pursuit as gardening, may have been greater than that displayed by those who have attained greater fame.—*American Agriculturist*.

A Valuable Table.

The following table will be found very useful to farmers, and to many others who are not farmers, and we advise our readers to preserve it for reference. It may be proper to add that many farmers advocate a much heavier seeding of grass than is indicated in the table, and the Journal of Agriculture thinks an increase of from 25 to 50 per cent. would be advisable in most cases:

Kind of Seed.	Seed per acre.	Pounds per bush.
Clover (Red).....	6 to 10 lbs.	50
Clover (White).....	4 to 6 lbs.	60
Timothy.....	8 to 10 lbs.	45
Redtop.....	8 to 15 lbs.	45
Lawn Grass.....	1 1/2 to 2 lbs.	14
Kentucky Blue Grass.....	1 1/2 to 2 lbs.	14
Millet.....	1/2 to 1 bush.	50
Hungarian Grass.....	1/2 to 3/4 bush.	45
Flax Seed.....	1/2 bush.	56
Buckwheat.....	1/2 to 3/4 bush.	52
Turnip Seed.....	1 lb.	57
Wheat.....	1 1/2 to 2 bush.	60
Oats.....	1 1/2 to 2 bush.	55
Rye.....	1 1/2 to 2 bush.	55
Barley.....	1 1/2 to 2 bush.	70
Corn Meal.....	18 to 25 bush.	50
Irish Potatoes.....	18 to 25 bush.	50
Sweet Potatoes.....	6 to 8 quarts.	56
Corn (large yellow).....	4 to 6 quarts.	56
Corn (small).....	4 to 6 quarts.	56
Peas (field).....	1 to 2 1/2 bush.	60
Split Peas.....	1 to 2 1/2 bush.	60
Beets (field).....	4 lbs.	60
Beets (white).....	16 lbs.	60
Castor Beans.....	2 quarts.	60
Carrots.....	4 to 5 lbs.	67
Top Onion Sets.....	20 to 30 lbs.	37
Wheat.....	44 to 100 lbs.	44
Upland Cotton Seed.....	10 to 15 lbs.	35 1/2
Rape Seed.....	10 to 15 lbs.	54
Kale Seed.....	10 to 15 lbs.	56
Orange Seed.....	10 to 20 lbs.	52
Sorghum Seed.....	10 to 15 lbs.	43
Brass.....	10 to 15 lbs.	43
Dried Peas.....	10 to 15 lbs.	52
Dried Apples.....	10 to 15 lbs.	54
Flax Seed.....	10 to 15 lbs.	56
Coal.....	10 to 15 lbs.	80
Lime.....	10 to 15 lbs.	80
Cement.....	10 to 15 lbs.	80
Flax Seed.....	10 to 15 lbs.	56
Hair.....	10 to 15 lbs.	52

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 35, 53, 51, 52, 46, 57, was a great English bishop.
My 47, 50, 6, is a tree mentioned by our blessed Lord.
My 53, 18, 56, 57, 58, 59, 7, 44, 54, 18, 52, was one of the twelve apostles.
My 23, 18, 46, 4, 25, 12, is the patron saint of England.
My 28, 18, 58, 12, 4, is the outward sign in one of the Sacraments.
My 25, 13, 49, 25, 44, 13, 53, was one of the greatest of the bishops of Rome.
My 4, 58, 16, 54, 14, 53, was a great reformer.
My 17, 22, 56, 24, 8, 53, 51, is a part of the vestment of the altar.
My 57, 41, 54, 3, 11, 35, 2, was an ancient city.
My 46, 22, 16, 49, 13, 52, is a Sacrament of the church.
My 55, 33, 30, 21, 15, 8, 32, 50, 3, was a saint.
My 27, 50, 11, 23, 16, was a great king of Israel.
My 56, 54, 40, 10, is an ecclesiastical vestment.
My 18, 1, 36, 12, 51, 53, is a city of Greece.
My 48, 9, 5, 39, 42, 19, is an order of clergy in the Catholic Church.
My 49, 43, 57, 31, 56, 27, 14, 54, 45, 30, 58, was one of the seven churches.
My whole was a distinguished prelate in this country.

Double Acrostic.

A brave commander who to famine yields,
A matchless strategist on battle fields.
1. Hark! 'tis the Indian drum!
Yes; 'tis the Indian drum.
The woods and rocks around
Echo the warlike sound.
2. I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name is hateful even to myself.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.
3. Men brought forth fiery shares, and laid
them in a row
On the bare earth, God's mighty grace to
show;
And e'er the red-hot ploughshares did he
tread
Blindfold and barefoot, till he fell down
dead.
4. Secret of happiness wouldst thou unfold;
A crown that very seldom kings enjoy.
5. Emblem of noble, not of royal blood;
Bells on her legs, and on her head a hood.
6. A beautiful nymph, in German fiction
found.
Her grave was watery, yet she was not
drowned.
CRACK.

Problem.

If the annual parallax of Rigel is 1.43 seconds, and that of Sirius 1.34 seconds, their angular distance being 24 degrees, what is the distance from the Dog Star to Rigel Orion, and what is the angle subtended between Sirius and our sun, when viewed by an astronomer at Rigel?

JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.

Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Conundrums.

Why is a lawyer like an uneasy sleeper? Ans.—Because he first lies on one side, then turns over and lies on the other.
Why is an elephant unlike a tree? Ans.—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.
Why is electricity like the Philadelphia police? Ans.—Because it is an invisible force.
Why are some girls like old muskets? Ans.—Because they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off.
When is a lawyer strongest? Ans.—When he is fee-blest.
What man carries everything before him? Ans.—The waiter.
"Jeff, why am you like de cedar?" "I guva it up, Sam; I can't tell ye." "Case he stays green both summer and winter."

Answers to Enig.

ENIGMA.—Ever ready with our lives and property. REBUS.—Jack and the Beanstalk. Jessica, Arrowhead, Chevy Chase, Kilometre, Ardennes, Neptune, Dracy, Tracy, Tapman, Holy Land, Ena, Bride of the Sea, Edinburgh, Artemis, Norway, Smike, Tunis, Aladdin, Lucknow, Kingfisher.

RECEIPTS.

VEAL OLIVES.—Take the bone out of the fillet, and cut thin slices the size of the leg, beat them flat, rub with the yolk of an egg beaten, lay on each piece a thin slice of buttered ham, sprinkle salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and bread-crumbs over all; roll them up tight, and secure them with skewers; rub them with egg, and roll them in bread-crumbs; lay them on a tin dripping-pan, and set them in an oven; when brown on one side, turn them, and when sufficiently done, lay them in a rich, highly-seasoned gravy made of proper thickness; stew them till tender, garnish with force-meat balls, and green pickles sliced.

FLOUR-PUDING.—Take one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoon of sugar; mix, boil and thicken with one teaspoon of wheat-flour, wet with cold milk and stir until it boils again, then remove from the fire. When half cold add two well-beaten eggs, and flavor with nutmeg or lemon. Add raisins if you choose. Bake half an hour. To be eaten cold with or without sweetened cream.

CREAM SPONGE-CAKE.—Two eggs beaten in a teaspoon, fill it with thick sweet cream; one cup of white sugar, one teaspoon cream-tartar, one half teaspoonful soda, one cup of flour; season with lemon, and bake in a long tin, and you have a delightful cake.

GLYCERINE AND YOLK OF EGG.—The Philadelphia Journal of Pharmacy has made known a formula for a preparation which is likely to prove valuable for external use. Four parts, by weight, of yolk of egg are to be rubbed in a mortar with five parts of glycerine. The compound has the consistency of honey, and is unctuous like fatty substances, over which it has the advantage of being easily removed by water. It is unalterable, a specimen having laid exposed to the air for three years unchanged. It forms a varnish which effectually prevents the action of the air. These properties render it serviceable for broken surfaces of all kinds, particularly eczema and sore nipples, and cutaneous affections, of which it always the itching.